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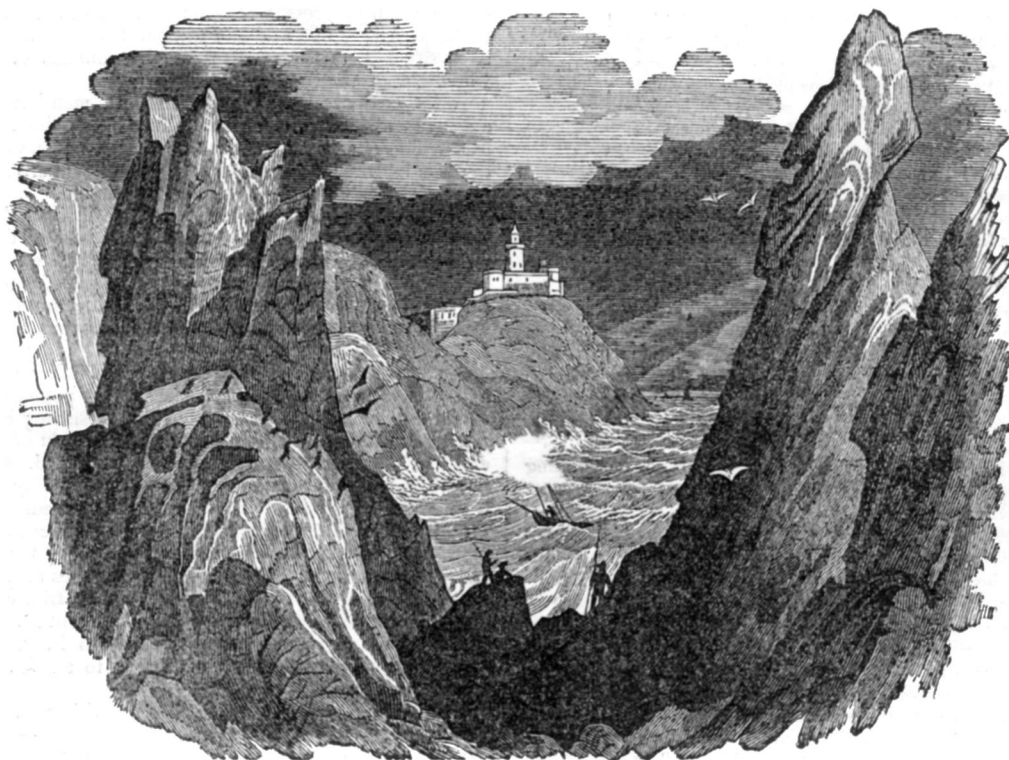
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in this, 1665, he wrote, "Now aged seventy-five years, my days are full—Resignation." On the 20th of March, he was seized with a severe attack of sciatica, his strength and spirits rapidly decayed; and after a few hours of intense prayer and pious thanksgivings, he resigned his spirit with the meek pleasure of a sincere Christian, who overcomes the bitterness of death by the recollection of his well spent life. Cromwell claimed the honor of burying him at his own expense, which he did, with great pomp, in Westminster Abbey, near the grave of Sir John Fulleton, his former master. Such was Usher, uniting un-

common learning with great acuteness; elevation of station with the sincerest humility; he at once instructed the clergy and society by his example and his precepts; his life will be ever considered as a model of moderation in power, and submission in misfortune, of the most extensive charity towards man, and the humblest piety towards God.

The limits of our journal have prevented our indulging in detail: such of our readers who may wish to extend their knowledge of his life, will be much gratified by perusing the Biographies of Dr. Bernard, Dr. Smith, and Dr. Richard Parr.

H.



The Needles, Howth.

THE NEEDLES—HOWTH.

We citizens of Dublin are proud of the beauty of our suburban scenery, and justly, for there is, perhaps, no other city in the British empire that can boast of such a variety of picturesque landscapes, as are comprised within a circuit of ten or twelve miles of our metropolis. Other cities may rival, or perhaps, excel us in the beauty or magnificence of some particular feature, but in diversity of scenic beauty, we may defy competition. There is no variety of landscape or marine scenery, that will not be found within this limited circumference. As, for example, the river scenery of the Liffey, the Bray river, the Dodder, the Tolka, and the Nanny-water, each differing in its character, and yet beautiful of its kind; the solitary mountain-valleys of Glencullen, Glen-dubh, and Glenasmol; the Dargle; the sublime mountain tarn, Lough Bray; the richly-wooded undulating country to the south of the city, and the green pastoral plains of Fingal to the north; the low villa-spotted shores of the bay, and the more solitary and magnificent coast-scenery of Howth and Killiney; the island-cliffs of Dalkey and Ireland's eye. In short, it is almost impossible even to enumerate, within our limited compass, the various beautiful objects which, on every side of Dublin, are presented to the eye, and that may be visited in a drive of an hour or two. Nor is our vicinity less rich in the various objects interesting to the naturalist, the botanist, or the geologist, and which should not be wholly unfamiliar to every inquiring mind. In the memorials of man in by-gone times, it is equally well stored: the rude Druidic tomb or altar; the Cairn; the Rath or Moate; the simple oratory of the earliest Christian times;

the Round Tower so peculiar to our island; the Abbey; the baronial castle, and the old venerable triangular-gabled mansion of the resident squire of former days;—all these are to be found dispersed over its surface, and with their traditions, supply food for pleasing contemplation and instructive thought.

Notwithstanding, however, this profusion of attractions to tempt us to the purest and most purifying, the cheapest and most valuable of all enjoyments—the pleasures derivable from the charms of nature, we are of opinion, that the great majority of the inhabitants of Dublin have as yet but very imperfectly learned to appreciate the treasures of this kind which they possess, and we are quite sure that they do not enjoy them as they should. We know, indeed, that they pour forth in thousands, to indulge in the unhealthy excitement of the bustle and dust of the drive to Kingstown; but this is more fashion, habit, or call it what you will,—it is not the sober and quiet enjoyment of nature. The more solitary and sublime scenery of the country is wholly deserted, or only known to the musing spendthrift of time, the angler. This want of feeling for the enjoyment of nature's beauty we deeply regret, in the poet's words,—

"Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy: for she can so inform
The heart that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,

Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings."—*Wordsworth.*

Many causes, unfortunately, have concurred and still concur to produce this apathy;—political excitements,—artificial habits,—as the same great poet says,

"The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
Little we see in nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
The Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The Winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for every thing, we are out of tune;
It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn."

Other causes, arising out of the want of cultivation of intellectual tastes, we shall apply ourselves earnestly to remove. With this object, it is our intention shortly to commence a series of walks in the vicinity of Dublin, directing the attention of our readers to the various objects to be met with, either of picturesque or historic interest, and occasionally illustrating our subject with illustrations.

We have been led into these observations, on looking at our prefixed wood engraving, which represents a subject of no common sublimity and grandeur, and which notwithstanding is, we are persuaded, but little known to our fellow-citizens. Such a scene, if it happened to be a hundred miles off, would be visited, at least by our aristocracy, to show their fashionable taste and disregard of expense; but within the short distance of an humble pedestrian walk, it offers no such gratification, and consequently remains unknown or disregarded. It is a view of the Light-house of Howth as seen from the shore, through a vista between the two remarkably pointed rocks on the south side of that beautiful promontory, popularly known to mariners by the name of "the Needles," or sometimes, "the Candlesticks." These singular features are the remains of a rocky headland worn into these fantastic forms by the action of the powerful element to whose fury they are exposed. Nothing can be more picturesquely imagined than the situation of the distant Pharos, placed upon a lofty and precipitous conical rock, almost insulated, and connected with the land by a bridge;—standing out boldly among the waves, and commanding both the southern and eastern iron bound cliffs of the great promontory with which it is connected, it seems predestined by nature for the purpose to which it is applied. This rock is popularly called the Bailly, a corruption of Bally, (*Ballium*, a habitation,) a name originally applied to the ancient circular fortress which crowned its summit previous to the erection of the present buildings. This fortress was traditionally said to have been the work of the Danes. The Light-house is a building of very modern date, erected by the Ballast Board, the older light-house having been found inefficient from the greater loftiness of its situation, which rendered it subject to be obscured by clouds and mists. It is now disused. The light in the present structure is produced by a set of reflectors ground to the parabolic form, in the foci of which large oil lamps are placed, according to the system now generally adopted by the Trinity-house.

The scenery of the South side of Howth, of which our illustration forms a part, presents a succession of beautiful and picturesque features, but which can only be properly enjoyed by the pedestrian, as the road, for the greater part, winds too far away to allow of their being seen. And it is only from these bold crags that the beauty of our bay can be fairly appreciated, as they command the whole of its spacious marine amphitheatre, and the entire range of the Dublin and Wicklow Mountains.

POBBLE O'KEEFE.

That Ireland has been much neglected is, alas! an indisputable fact. She has been too truly characterized as a country for which God has done much, but man little. The causes from which such melancholy results flow are neither few nor simple; different men, and honest men too, will trace their origin to very different sources. It would be a very difficult, nay, we should almost say a dangerous undertaking, to attempt an impartial investigation of the subject. Ours shall be a more pleasing and easy task—to point the attention of our readers to the benevolent operations of our Government, which have been for some time in progress, for the amelioration of the condition of the peasantry in a wild and comparatively unknown district, situated on the confines of the counties of Cork, Limerick, and Kerry.*

In the prosecution of these operations, men have been employed whose minds appear to have been guided by the best feelings, and who seem to have been well aware that the true interests of a well-ordered government are insured by the gratitude and affection of the governed.

The history of the district to which we have alluded has been summarily given by a gentleman, who has well described it as the theatre of a desolating warfare in the reigns of Elizabeth and James the First—as the refuge of outlaws in the reigns of William the Third and Anne, and the very focus of the more recent insurrectionary movements of the last ten or fifteen years.

An extensive tract of country, comprehending upwards of 900 square miles, in many places very populous, yet containing but two small villages, and possessing but two resident landed proprietors, namely, the Knight of Glynn, and Mr. Leader, of Dromagh, was distinguished, as might have been expected under such circumstances, by a more than ordinary degree of indolence, discontentedness, and turbulence, in its inhabitants; and their abodes being almost inaccessible for want of roads, crime frequently escaped unpunished. During the disturbances of the winter of 1821 and the spring of 1822, this district was the asylum for Whiteboys, smugglers, and midnight marauders. Stolen cattle were constantly driven into it, from the surrounding flat and fertile country, as to a safe and impenetrable retreat.

The only passes ever made through this part of the country previously to 1829, were effected at the instance and expense of the English Government immediately subsequent to the rebellion of the Earl of Desmond, of whose extensive territory the district of which we have been speaking formed a part. These passes or roads were laid out in straight lines without any reference to the nature of the country, and ran directly over hill and valley from one military point to another.

A vast change has been effected in the state of the district and its inhabitants since the month of September, 1822, when new lines of road were laid out, under the direction of a man of distinguished talent and information, Mr. Griffith, the civil engineer, sent down for that purpose, and for the direction of other public works, undertaken for the employment of the poor, in consequence of the scarcity which prevailed in the summer of that year.

The progress of this important change he has thus described:—"At the commencement of the works the people flocked to them from all quarters, seeking employment at any rate which might be offered. Their general appearance bespoke extreme poverty; their looks were haggard, and their clothing wretched; they rarely possessed any instruments of husbandry beyond a very small ill-made spade, and as a consequence it followed that nearly the whole face of the country was unimproved and in a state of nature. But since the completion of the roads in 1829, rapid strides have been made towards cultivation and improvement; upwards of sixty new lime kilns were built for the purpose of burning lime for agriculture within the two preceding years; carts, ploughs, and harrows, of superior construction, became common; new houses of a better class were built in great numbers in the vicinity of the new roads, and also in the adjacent villages of Newmarket, Castle-island, and Abbeyfeale; new enclosures of moun-

* The district in which Pobble O'Keefe is situated has been described in our fifteenth number, in an extract from Mr. Bryan's Practical View of Ireland.